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CIGARETTES AND WOMEN.



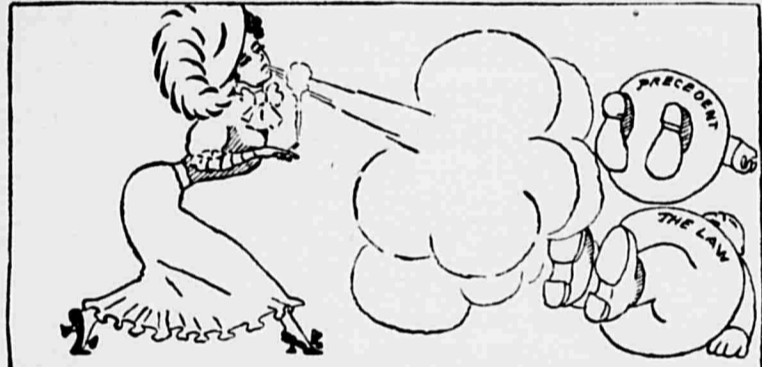
SEVENTY-THREE Aldermen may pass an ordinance that women must not smoke cigarettes in restaurants, but no 73,000 men, whether they are Aldermen or private citizens, can compel a woman to do anything that she does not want to do or keep her from doing what she has made up her mind to do.

Whether women will or will not smoke cigarettes is a matter which women will settle for themselves. The only effect of aldermanic ordinances on such a subject as this will be to make women who intended to smoke cigarettes smoke that many more, and to incline other women to smoke in order to show their freedom from the dictation of inferior man.

Smoking cigarettes is not good for women or any one else. If women want to smoke they should follow the example of the old Southern mammy and smoke corn cob or clay pipes. A corn cob pipe absorbs a good part of the injurious products from the combustion of nicotine which, when cigarettes are inhaled, do injury to the lungs. A clay pipe is almost as good as a corn cob pipe for this purpose, but the constant use of a clay pipe has a tendency to wear away the teeth between which it is held.

Also women should not drink cocktails or highballs or any other fluids which tend to derange the nervous system.

But the men who anticipate changing women's habits by law are greatly mistaken.



The way for any man who has the desire to reform some woman addicted to the cigarette or the cocktail habit is insidiously and gently to point out the injurious effects on her appearance.

Cigarette smoking stains a woman's fingers and discolors her teeth. It also tends to make her complexion sallow and to detract from the rubiness of her lips. It bedims the sparkle of her eyes. It makes her less attractive mornings.

Cocktails have an opposite effect to cigarettes. They flush the face and tend to exaggerate those delicate veins which, when gently and normally suffused with blood, give the peachy tinge to a woman's cheeks. They also enlarge the little arteries of the nose, which is even more serious, because no amount of powder, unless it is put on with glue, will hide the little knobs which gather on the nose of a confirmed cocktail drinker.

Far more effective would it be should certain Aldermen whose faces show the results of too many cocktails and highballs, whose figures manifest the effects of a coarse diet, appoint themselves a committee and appear attended by the sergeant-at-arms with a megaphone at the various restaurants which are frequented by the women whom they seek to reform and there proclaim by their own examples what the result is of too much alcohol, too much tobacco and too much heavy food.

Letters from the People.

Tipping the Barber.

In reply to the letter about the "tipping" of New York barbers to the customers for a "tip," I say that this is due to the insufficient wages, which of ten is only \$10. According to the large expenses in New York, \$10—which is earned only by expert barbers—is not sufficient, and especially for a man having to support a family. This leads some poor barbers of New York to fawn and cringe for the "tips" which may add a few more dollars to their wages. In most other cities in the United States the expenses are not so large and the wages a little better. The same rule applies to the waiters of New York.

Ventilation.

Will readers kindly discuss this? Will it be ventilating a room it is best to open the window from the top and bottom as the fresh air comes in from below and the foul air goes out through the opening at the top of the window. I say that the reverse is correct. Which is correct and why? J. G.

Bureau of Vital Statistics.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where could I find out my age? Where are records of births kept in this city? J. G.

Which Works Harder?

To the Editor of The Evening World: Teachers unquestionably have to devote a long period to education in order to fit themselves for their occupation. Then they have, if competent, a life position at a good salary, considering the hours and holidays. A good stenographer's education must also essentially be high to acquire and hold a remunerative position without vacations and holidays equivalent to those of a teacher. A saleswoman who receives a public school education at

the age of fourteen starts as a cash girl or a counter girl at not more than \$3 per week, and it depends on her stamina to acquire the education and business knowledge to further her advancement, which also applies to the uneducated stenographer as well as the teacher. While I do not estimate that the salaries of any of the above are adequate for a comfortable living under the present conditions, I do state that both the stenographer and saleswoman must necessarily dress and live as well as the teacher, and their work is more laborious and their mental strain as great.

For Longer Car Straps.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like to have the opinion of readers as to the accommodations that are given to passengers on the "L" subway and surface cars during rush hours. The company should provide longer straps. On many occasions I have seen small (old and young) passengers go diving into the laps of the persons facing them. Now this thing could be prevented if the company would provide for the public longer straps.

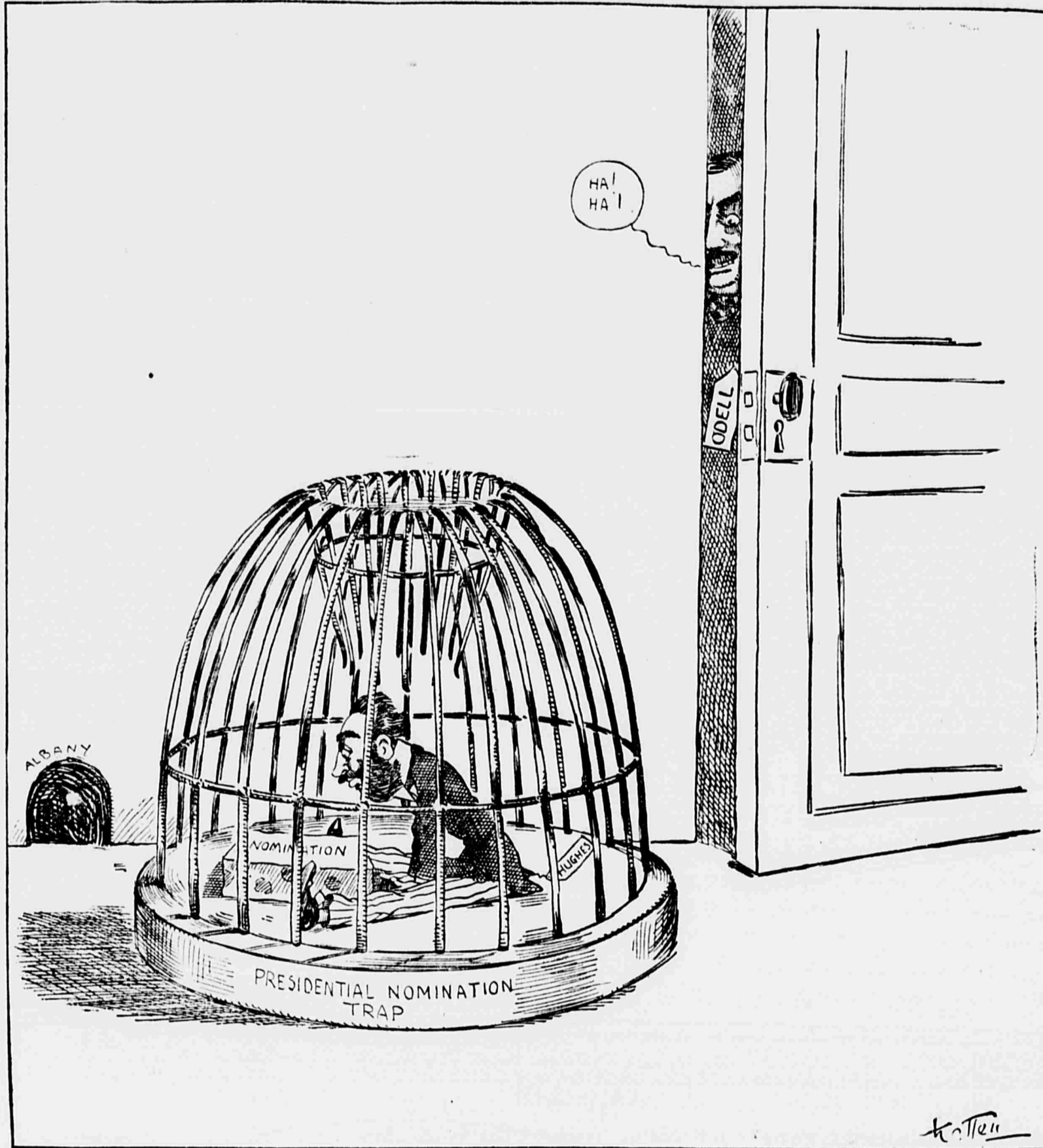
No. To the Editor of The Evening World: Was 1907 a leap year? A. M. N.

High School Studies Too Hard? To the Editor of The Evening World: I find the high school course of this city (last two years) too hard for most children. I honestly believe many boys and girls suffer mental and physical harm from overstudy and from overworry about examinations. What good is it to pass examinations if the system is hurt by so doing? Now, I want other parents of high school children to give their opinions. It is a subject that concerns every parent. If I am wrong I'll be glad to be convinced. But it seems to me the studies are too long and difficult.

FATHER.

Caught!

By Maurice Ketten.



If there is anything done to brighten up the home, who does it?
 Not the man of the house, says Mrs. Jarr; he takes no interest in it.

By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL.

"How would you hang this picture?" asked Mrs. Jarr, regarding an art purchase she had recently made. "Of course, I don't know whether it is what you'd really call a fine picture or not, but it pleased me, and anyway, it's in a beautiful frame, and I can always get another picture to put in it."

"What kind of a picture is it?" asked Mr. Jarr, "an imitation Gibson or one of the light-running domestic 'I'll Take Care of You, Grandpa' kind?"

"If you haven't interest enough to cross the room and look at it, never you mind what kind of a picture it is," said Mrs. Jarr, staidly. "But it's called 'In Ye Olden Times' and Mrs. Bumble was just dying to get it."

"Why didn't you let her have it and save her life?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"There you go!" said Mrs. Jarr, wearily. "I'm not going to get myself in a temper at you. I only know that you take no interest in the home at all. If there is anything done to brighten it up and make it cheerful it is left to me and many a good cry I have had over it."

"Oh, come now!" said Mr. Jarr. "I'm not so bad as that. I take as much interest as you do. Only what's the good of your asking me my opinion? In the first place, what satisfies you satisfies me, and in the second place, if I were to venture a suggestion you wouldn't follow it."

"I'm asking you to make a suggestion now," said Mrs. Jarr. "I want to know where you think this picture would look the best—over the piano?"

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Jarr. "That would be a good place."

"That's what I thought," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I wanted your opinion, too."

"Oh, that's the best place for it," said Mr. Jarr.

"You are saying that to please me," said Mrs. Jarr, suspiciously. "The light isn't good over the piano. I think it would look much better over the sofa,

where the light from the windows would fall on it. We could move those two small pictures."

"So we could," said Mr. Jarr. "And maybe where it gets the light would be best."

"Now, I knew you'd stick up for putting it over the piano," said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly. "I never saw such an obstinate man!"

"But I agreed with you!" cried the surprised Mr. Jarr.

"You pretended to agree with me," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I could tell by your tone that you had made up your mind to put it over the piano."

"No, you are mistaken there," said Mr. Jarr, quickly. "I think it would look much better where the light can fall on it."

"Yes, but those two small pictures are originals and they look so cute where they are. I hate to move them."

"Don't move them then," said Mr. Jarr. "Put it over the piano, there's more space there, and even if the light isn't so good, still it's a very bright picture and it will look nice there."

"There you go again!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Ever since I put mother's picture in the parlor you've been scheming and scheming to replace it with something else! You always did dislike her, and yet she never spoke ill of you. She would admit, because she was as honest as the day, that I made a fatal mistake in marrying you when I could have done so much better, and that she never could get along with you, but that is no reason you should hate her and want to tear her picture off the wall and throw it out of the house!"

"Why, there is mother's picture over the piano," said Mrs. Jarr. "And if I hang up this cheap chromo there her picture will have to come down!"

"Oh, doggone it! I don't care what you do!" shouted Mr. Jarr. "What did you ask me my opinion for? I never thought of your mother's picture! I don't care where you hang it, or if you hang her! She should have been hung long ago!" And he rushed out.

When he came home that night Mrs. Jarr said: "I decided to hang the new picture over the piano, for in spite of what you said, that's the best place for it. Mother's picture! Oh, it was a horrid old crayon; I wanted to get it out of the parlor anyway!"

Miss Lonely Tries Culinary Tricks on Mr. Man. By F. G. Long



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 20—Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

ON the hill overlooking Nagasaki harbor stood a quaint little Japanese house, decked with flowers as for a festival. It was the home arranged by Lieut. Pinkerton of the United States Navy, for his little native bride, Cho-Cho-San, nicknamed "Butterfly." Pinkerton himself, with his friend Sharpless, the local United States Consul, and old Koro, the marriage broker, who had negotiated the match, were waiting at the threshold for the arrival of the wedding party. Sharpless, who had lived long in the Orient, had repeatedly urged Pinkerton in vain to beware of a Japanese marriage, and now was once more pointing out the dangers of such an alliance. But the lieutenant (who regarded the whole affair merely as a delightful adventure, and who in his own careless fashion was quite deeply in love with dainty little Butterfly) refused to take the matter at all seriously. In the midst of the argument the bride and a throng of her relatives and friends trooped up the hill and trooped into the house.



MADAME BUTTERFLY.

A gay, noisy, excited party they were, and their queer Oriental ways jarred Pinkerton's nerves. The little bride, observing this, tried to quiet them and to restore her future husband's good temper by whispering to him a very great secret. The secret was that she had gone privately to the mission and renounced her religion for Christianity in order to be of the same creed as the man she was to marry. This step, so all-important to her, did not impress Pinkerton as an especially great sacrifice. He utterly failed to appreciate the depth of her adoring love for him.

The odd native wedding ceremony proceeded. The festivities that followed it were rudely interrupted by the appearance of a weird, threatening figure. The newcomer was Butterfly's uncle, the Bonze (priest). Hearing of her desertion of the ancestral faith, he had hurried to the feast that he might call down the wrath of heaven on such a sin. Breaking in upon the banquet, the Bonze solemnly cursed Butterfly and forbade her family to hold further intercourse with so wicked a creature. With cries of horror the guests all fled, leaving the poor girl weeping in her husband's arms. Soon Pinkerton's carriages turned her tears to smiles, and in his love she forgot that all her old friends had cast her off.

Three years passed. At first Butterfly had been ideally happy. Then came a cloud. Pinkerton was ordered home to America on active service. He soothed her grief at parting by the assurance that he would come back to her "when the robins nest again." In this promise Butterfly implicitly believed, and she comforted herself in the long months of lonely waiting by repeating the words over and over. When spring came and went without word or sign of the absent one she told herself that perhaps robins nested later or less often in America than in Japan. So, eternally waiting, and hoping, the deserted child-wife lived on in the quaint cottage on the hilltop, attended by her faithful maid, Suzuki. Daily the two scanned the horizon for signs of Pinkerton's ship. The maid knew the ways of Americans who marry Japanese girls, and at last gave up all hope of the faithless lieutenant's return. But Madame Butterfly never once doubted.

She had another consolation in her loneliness. Not long after Pinkerton's departure a son had been born to the deserted wife. Not a swarthy Japanese brat, but a gold-haired, rosy baby who bore the features and coloring of his American father. The weary months dragged on, and the three on the hilltop—mother, child and servant—daily watched the sea for the wanderer's return. Pinkerton had left them well provided for. Through Sharpless he constantly supplied them with money. They did not lack the necessities of life. This provision strengthened Butterfly's unswerving belief in her husband's fidelity.

Pinkerton, mean time, had half forgotten his lonely little Japanese wife. He knew their union could not be legally binding in the United States. So in a couple of years he married an American girl and brought her to Japan on their honeymoon. To avoid any unpleasantness he wrote asking Sharpless to break the news to Butterfly. Sharpless reached the house on the hill and tried to deliver his message. But as soon as he mentioned that he had heard from Pinkerton and that the latter was on his way to Japan Butterfly's delight was so great that he had not the heart to tell her the rest. A rich native nobleman sought her hand, but she laughed at the offer. Was she not already a wife and a mother? And was not her beloved husband even now hastening on his way to her?

Pinkerton's ship arrived in the harbor. Butterfly dressed herself in her brightest costume, adorned the house with avalanches of flowers, and with her baby in her arms waited in an ecstasy of welcome for her husband's speedy arrival.

All night Butterfly waited in vain. Dawn found her haggard and weary amid the faded flowers, but still utterly trustful and expectant. Sharpless overnight had told Pinkerton of the child's existence. Pinkerton had related the whole story to his American wife, who had not only forgiven him, but had generously agreed to bring up the boy as her own. At sunrise Pinkerton and Sharpless, followed by the lieutenant's wife, climbed the hill to induce Butterfly to give up the baby to them. But after learning of Butterfly's devotion and faith in a chance talk with Suzuki Pinkerton dared not face the girl whose life he had selfishly wrecked. He left the sorry task to Sharpless and the American bride.

Butterfly at first could not understand or believe their tidings. When, bit by bit, the horrible truth was borne in upon her she made no outcry, but quietly begged the strangers to leave her for a while and to come back in half an hour for the child. Then, kissing her boy tenderly, she fell upon her father's sword.

Pinkerton, returning awed and remorseful, at the appointed time, found the baby prattling happily above the huddled dead body of the gaily clad little Butterfly, whose pretty life had been crushed out for a foreigner's idle amusement.

The story of "Traviata" will be published Saturday.

No Wasp Waists for Men.

By Jim Dash.

I F I have read aright in The Evening World to-night, Against a threatened fad of wasp-waist protest: It's from London, don't you know, where it seems to be the go For a man to wear a corset 'neath his vest.

Though my "tummy" may stick out and my hips are rather stout I will never harness them with slither bows. For I really think the Lord must look a trifle bored When he sees a man toggled out in woman's clothes.

Just think of Tiny Tim or Taft, who are not slim, Laced up to give a wasp-like waist effect! Unless I'm much mistaken, they would easily be taken For sausages on either end erect!

If it's really come to stay we should drive it quick away, For of all her sappy offerings to dudes This one with hooks to—well, what a nail does just as well— Is quite the worst of Madam Folly's moods!

A Fireman's Life is Cheap.

By Alfred M. Downes.

"A S regards recompense in dollars and cents, the arduous work of the fireman receives a fair reward," says Alfred M. Downes, late secretary of the Fire Department, writing of the fireman's wage in "Fire Fighters and Their Pets." "A fireman who has just entered is known as a fourth-grade fireman, and his annual salary is \$800. In a year he is a third-grade fireman at \$1,000; in another year a second-grade fireman at \$1,200; and then, after three years, he becomes a first-grade man and receives \$1,400. So, while the dangers and hardships are often great, and the duties at times are difficult beyond description, the compensation on the whole is much better than it is in many other occupations. But when we remember," continues Mr. Downes, "that the gallant firemen are watching over our safety every hour of the twenty-four, ready to risk their own lives for ours, we realize that the money payment could represent only a part of the real debt."

Christian Science Weighed Up.

By Dr. John D. Quackenbos.

N O CASE of organic trouble has ever been cured by Christian Science, or ever will be. On the contrary, scores of perfectly curable cases have been sent by its fanatics to the undertaker. The methods in vogue among its healers of treating the critically or hopelessly sick by appeal to the transmissal self are unchristian and inhuman—so much so that repressive legislation is widely demanded for the protection of society from a legion of charlatans whom existing laws do not sufficiently reach, and who are thus left at liberty to assume responsibility for the most dangerous forms of disease. In some States it is regarded as a misdemeanor to give Christian Science treatment, and refusal to call in proper medical or surgical aid is criminal even in nothing short of homicide.